THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

The fifty-sixth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design embraces some seven bundred and fifty objects of art, covering a wide field of experiment and ambition, and ranging from vast canvases of figure and landscape down to the small decorative millinery of the feminine amateur. It is not an encourage ing display in any respect, and it contains nothing to denote that the art of the country has within the past year developed a single trace of progress. The few good pictures that are shown are so isolated and remote from the level of the exhibition that they have the effect of lowering rather than of raising it.

Perhaps never before were the natural shortcomings of an Academy exhibition brought into such conspicuous relief by the efforts of a Hanging Committee. It is certainly the worst hung exhibition that the Academy has seen in years. and the walls are a revelation of the silly favoritiem, pretence, and ignorance that have been so long a represent to the National Academy.

The Hanging Committee appears to have been actuated by two motives, which, although not alike, it has with some ingenuity contrived to harmonize. These motives contemplated the impartial disposition of the pictures with reference to their size, irrespective of considerations of color or subject, and the appropriation of the line to as many indifferent works as possible. Neither motive afforded them any emparrasement when the occasion arose for putting their own pictures in conspicuous places. and seven-eighths of the best space in the Academy are filled with as bad pictures as ever en cumbered its walls. Mr. Tait's bass-wood deer and his autumnal fire-board (Nos. 369 and 461) enjoy excellent positions, and very nearly approach the standard established by the Phila delphia manufacturers, who rate this familiar product at something like \$2.25 per running foot. In justice, however, to Mr. Tait, it should be admitted that with all his efforts in a like direction, he never produced anything at all so bad as the former picture-"Still Hunting. Adfrondacks." Even Mr. D. M. Carter's "Sun lay Morning" (No. 426), in the opposite corner of the South Gallery, does not approach it; nor set Mr. G. H. Story's "Indian Encampment" "Motherly Sister" (No. 469), both on the line and both curiosities of art in their

Mr. William Hart appears on the line, of course, with the cow of beauty, the tree of verdure, and the cloud of imminence—all bearing the usual relation to each other, and all identical with a long ancestry of sameness-the cow no older, the tree no greener, and the cloud abating not a menace of its hue. There are other cattle exploits on the walls equally familfar and equally favored, and they show that the gift of automatic repetition is not denied us. and that, in our small way, we have our tedious Schreyers, Schencas, and Verboeckhovens.

Mr. E. L. Henry is another member of the Hanging Committee, but neither his pictures nor the places they have been assigned to bring him into special prominence. The same may be said of Mr. J. R. Brevoort, whose two landscapes are merely indifferent, but not conspicu-Mr. Henry's "Chinamaniac" is uninteresting and elaborate, and his "Easthampton Beach" garish, crude, and badly put together, Mr. T. W. Wood, the fifth member of the committee, does not exhibit anything, and in the committee's work there is too much of his wellintended amiability.

These excellent gentlemen are simply faithful to the traditions of the Academy. They hang themselves well and their brethren well, and they know full well that the committee of next year will return the compliment. It is wholly a matter of reciprocity, and there is not on the part of the members any protonce that pictures are hung with strict reference to their artistic Of course a certain conventional respect is paid to a few pictures which sustain an equipoise in the hanging by flguring as centres panels, such as, in the present case, Mr Fyant's fine landscape in the South room, Mr. Hovenden's "In hoe Signo" in the East room, and Mr. Johnson's large work in the North room. These centres are usually the good pictures, and are piaced where they should be. but this disposition of them only serves to em-

phasize the incongruity of the adjoining works. If membership of the Academy implied actual merit, there would exist a right to a place on the line that could not reasonably be disputed. It does not imply anything of the kind; and reform is needed in the whole system. The Academy grows more useless every year and it needs a superanguation act for its bettering. Half of its members should be retired; a competent jury of examination should be instituted. and it should be made in some degree to encourage and foster the growth of art. If it e an active body and competent to demonstrate its utility, there would be scores of willing hands to help it, endow it with prizes and competitive awards, and otherwise make it what it ought to have been long ago.

One of the best pixtures in last year's exhibition was Mr. Arthur Quartley's "Homeward," and the Hanging Committee of that year put it in the Northwest room high up by a door where it might easily evade recognition. He has sent this year one of his best works, beyond all comtion with anything clas of its class exhibited, and the inserntable wisdom of the committee has consigned it to the same place. Its title is "An April Day New York" (No 1950 view from the deck of a boat in the North River. looking over toward Trinity and the great piles of architecture that impart so distinct a character to the aspect of our lowe water front. It is a strong, vigorous picture, full of individuality. original and effective in its treatment, and simple, truthful, and unaffected in its design and execution. It shows the sombre mass of the city in strong relief against the gray horizon. the sky swept by unrestful clouds, and the river troublous, cold, and gloomy. It is such another picture as the one that gained for Mr. Quartley the respect and admiration of the French critics some two years since, and made them esteem him the equal of the best of their own marine painters. At the Academy it does for the Northwest room, and an obscure corner of it. But even there it will be seen, and when it is, no one will fail to appreciate it. The same room contains a concession to British prejudice by Mr. W. T. Riemaris, "Trenarwith Strand. Cornwall" (No. 638)-a clever coast view: accurate, exact, and scrupulous, and full of all the fine sentiment and poetic fancy that one finds

in a photograph or an alleged Christman card. The North Gallery is the most interesting. It is the strongest in its contrasts and contains the most notable work in the exhibition. It opposes the "Dream" of Mr. E. W. Weir (No. 135) "Portraits of Two Men No. 216 at Mr. Eastman Johnson, the "Miranda" (No 154) of Mr. B. F. Beinbart to the "Portrait of a Boy " by Miss Emmet, and affords opportunity for much serious reflection upon the good and the bad in innescape art, the eccentricity of academicians, and the ingenuous simplicity of

Mr. Eastman Johnson surprises everybody. His picture above referred to is the best paintthe of its class that has ever been seen in the Academy, and never was approached before y the work of any other member of that body. It ranks with the best work of the Salon, and in technical sense it is the most adroit and chally skilful posture that a New York artist bas yet produced. To mose who value direct-ness and simplicity of method, and who apprethato highes the effect that is secured with the least elaboration, this picture is a most agreeabla study. The aim, purpose, and ambition of impressionism are comprised in Mr. Johnon's work, and if the significance of the unintentional and the sublisty of formity were ever dear to the impressioner's heart, he would find tood for admiration in Mr. Johnson. One would as readily expect Mr. Hunting londs produce a Fortung or a Velasquez, or Mr. T Addison Bichards a Corot, as Mr. Johnson to paint this picture. It is foreign to the whole spirit, style, and character of the work he has produced in a lour and industrious career, and t is startling to find him at such a time kicking his dusty Lares and Penates out of the house, embracing the new religion, and leaving all the young proselvies and professors far behind

method he adopts, he has mastered and converted to his uses; and the treatment of the figures in his picture, the texture of the draperies, the disposition of the materials, and the artistic valuation of each and every accessory. literally leave nothing to be desired. It is a strong, powerful picture, and Mr. Johnson can pin his reputation to it and be happy.

A portrait, "Peggy" (No. 170), by J. Alden Weir, has some excellent qualities, "An Idyl" No. 145), a nude figure with a dark background of landscape, is contributed by W. A. Coffin. It has been conscientiously skied by the prudent committee, possibly to make room for some one of the adjacent daubs that occupy the best places. It looks as if it were of exceptional erit-the flesh luminous and well modelled. and the general freatment thoughtful and effective. Indeed, the more one sees of the exhibition the more the suspicion grows that its effect has been spoiled and perverted by the work of

the Hanging Committee, One of the best, and certainly one of the most interesting, pictures in the exhibition is Miss Resina Emmet's "Portrait of a Boy" (No. 202), a bright and striking piece of work, charming in its treatment, and possessed of qualities enitling it to serious consideration. It is not merely pretty or skilful; it conveys the impression that the artist has susceptibility and apprehension for the more subtie and less defined characteristics and attributes of the human physiognomy. This is the rarest endowment of the portrait painter, and it is coupled with that finer insight into human nature that is indispensable to portraiture in its higher development. This view is confirmed in great part by a large picture over one of the doors in the South Gallery (No. 497), also a portrait, but more studied and artificial in its arrangement. Both, however, show very clearly that Miss Emmet is an artist of promise, and one whose career will be watched with interest. Another picture in the North room that deserves and receives marked attention is Mr. Douglas Volk's "Puritan Maiden" (No. 192), a simple, graceful figure in sombre tones, sheltered against a snow-wrapped tree trunk, and in strong reliof against a landscape of dazzling white. This is much the best work this roung artist has exhibited, and it shows a very distinet and gratitying improvement. It is broad and masterly in its execution, and betrays a degree of confidence and a clearness of purpose that have not heretofore characterized his work. Other pictures in the North room that are worth looking at are (Nos. 242 and 243) an "Old Breton Mill" and "October Days," both hung on the floor; Mr. J. Alden Weir's tasteful and sympathetic study of "Flowers" (No. 247): Mr. E. H. Biashfield's erudite and careful picture of 'The Aviary" (No. 255), which strongly recalls Coomans, but which is more artful and less meretricious; and "Autumn" (No. 268), by Mr. J. F. Murphy, a very pleasing little landscape, treated with nice, artistic feeling and agreeable

delicacy of effect. Large canvases distinguish the South Gallery. Mr. A. Bierstadt has an immense landscape at the east end, a "Sierra Nevada," compounded of many things with the lavish hand of the scene painter. It is a vast area of topography, full of natural currosities, and generally disposed as to its forms in a way to give one the notion that, in the view of Mr. Bierstadt, nature goes on stilts whenever he is minded to paint her. Time there was when it had been worth the whole price of admission to see this picture -when extent of superfices and quantity of material were potent factors with the public. and people were ready to wonder if they could not admire. Mr. Bierstadt could then play strange fantastic tricks with the Rocky Mountains, exalt their pinnacies, fit them with assorted precipices of thrilling steepness, deck them with waterfalls, and wreath them about with spectral cumuli. In this later day, mere scenery has found its proper place, and pictures of more modest purpose and less ambitious scope possess a deeper and more enduring interest

Opposite Mr. Bierstadt's picture is a great upright of life size of Richelieu and Julie, by Victor Tojetti. It is not of surpassing interest, but in a large house it would serve to decorate a panel of some not too highly esteemed wail Another large canvas (No. 413) is a cleverly painted life size portrait of a lady who is disposed among a wealth of reliow satin cushions. deeply premeditated as to her attire and very ous of her arms. It is well painted, but the effect is theatrical and uneasy. A capital piece of work hangs on the sky line opposite-Mr. George W. Maynard's portrait of Mr. Frank iet, equipped as the war correspondent of the London Daily News. Beside it is a bright and elever portrait of Miss Effic Ellsler (Hazel Kirke), by Mr. Edgar J. Bissell. Other portraits in this gallery are Mr. Huntington's flattering memorial of the Hon, John Sherman; Mr. Thomas Hick's clever sketch of "Encis Dick" of Oceanie; one of a lady by Mr. B. C. Porter, who has the most enviable good fortune in securing charming subjects; another of a lady by Anna Lea Merritt; a portrait of "Miss (No. 457), skied, but very agreeable in treatment, by Mr. W. H. Lippincott; and a strong and effective portrait of a gentleman, very well painted indeed, by Mr. Frederic P. Vinton,

The landscapes are quiet, the most notable being those of Mr. R. S. Gifford, A. H. Wyant, and George Inness. Mr. Inness is not aggres. sive this year. His "Old Roadway" (No. 411) is subdued, thoughtful, and serious, but in every way an excellent picture. Mr. Gifford's chief contribution, "The Hillside" (No. 392), is a arming example of this distinguished artist, Mr. Wyant worthily nolds the place of honor in the centre of the south wall with his "Old Clearing" (No. 415), a noble landscape, and one of Mr. Wyant's most honorable achievements. Mr. Charles H. Miller's principal contribution, "Auumn at Valley Stream" [No. 417], has been very badly hung, but enough can be seen of it to revent its very exceptional merit. It is a strong, vigorously treated landscape, painted in a robust method and with great force and directness feffect. Mr. Miller can be most warmly commended for all his contributions to the Academy of this year. Under his "Valley Stream" is Mr. James M. Hart's "In Our Village" (No. 418), on he liue by virtue of tradition and the Hanging

Mr. George Fuller is not seen to advantage this year with his cortrait of a girl (No. 424). It has too much appearance of mannerism, and one is much more conscious of the method than of the effect that is sought to be produced W. M. L.

Venue in Her Glory.

To-day Venus attains her greatest brillianer. For a week or two she magiowed in he evening sky with a light brilliant enough to casta shadow. A good ere can now detect the plane; at noonday. Its beauty as a telescopic officert increases daily, as the creacent that it presents grows larger and narrower. It is related that Theodore Parker, when a boy, perselved the creacent shape of Venus without a elescope in the pure air of New England. Other instances are known of the crescent having been soon with the unassisted eye, but they are as rare as the cases in which Jupiter's oons have been perceived without optical aid. More than 100 years ago the Rev. Dr. Miles, an aggishman, had such a view of Venus as no other astronomer has ever been fortunate enough to obtain. While viewing the planet with a telescope of moderate power, a red curtain of aureral light spread upward from the north and covered the field of niew was magical. The disk of the planet, which armost defles the scruting of the finest telescopes on account of its dessiing brilliancy, shops for a little time with a mild and steady light, which revested the outlines of mountainous regions and plains or oceans that ordinarily are seen only by giimpses and Indistinctly through the giars of the planet's atmosphere.

Astronomers will, no doubt, improve this opportunity to look for the supposititious meen of Venus. Most astronomers class Venus's moon with the mythical little moon that some have supposed to be revolving about the earth only some 4,000 or 5,000 miles distant, but which seesmall and so swift in its motion that we cing the new religion, and leaving all the procedures and professors far behind. Whatever there is that is good in the served that he had had a good view of it.

MARIANO FORTUNY.

The story of Fortuny's life is as fascinating as a romance and as warming as sunshine. It was a proud and sweet life, darkened by no meanness. He was one of the few men of this earth who are happy in the persevering employment of intellectual force and in the discreet use of the force of the beart. Happiness is reached through work and prudence. They merit, as the painter merited, the su-

preme recompense of dving in full happiness. This child of genius was courageous, laborious, and modest. His ancestors were not great. From morning to night they labored as workmen in the provincial theatres. He suffered the griefs which make a child prematurely old. He became an orphan; he knew poverty, a useful acquaintance; his poor old grandfather could do nothing for him. As the boy pencilled so much and so well, he was sent to the Academy. There he labored incessantly. No one talked less or worked harder. His marvellous nature encompassed everything. To have seen him carnestly watching the clouds which passed over the earth or gazing at the holes in the shoes of the poor Catalonian workmen, you would have imagined that the boy was absorbing nature herself. Such was the truth. When he wished to reproduce nature, he had only to take it from himself. Like birds, poets and painters make nests from the straws which they find. With them to see is to know. A man's true birthday is the day when, after having examined others, he begins to live by himself. Unfortunately, Fortung died when this new life opened-a life impatient and immense. His genius, as humble as it was powerful. had become restive. Art in his honest bands had prepared itself with ardor to engage in the of the century, to despatch the dead whose ghosts keep us from advancing, and to cause to bloom like roses upon tombs a fragrant and fresh art. He died of a common malady, which easily destroyed a body bent with weight of soul. His death caused pro-found grief. People felt, even if they did not know, that the poet of truth and the painter of the century was dead.

Although there was much intrinsic value in everything that Fortuny did, it was in executing little things that he became great. Obliged to make a living, he paid his contribution in a way that educated the vulgar taste. He wished to enfranchise himself in order to master others. His was a singularly happy character, in which force came from the equilibrium of forces. He was extreme in everything. Misfortune comes from being extreme in some one thing only His activity was extraordinary. At Rome he studied the nude at the Academy Chigi, the masters in the galleries, picturesque life in the Roman Campagna; and he sitted numerous water colors and etchings in the same day. His pride, which he preserved unwounded, wounded no one. His humility was so sincere that his goodness was touching. His rare reasoning qualities were fed by the rare qualities of his heart. He tempered the knowledge of its own strength, that genius possesses, by the salutary and singular timidity which distinguishes genius. Like all great souls, after baving been poor, he was gentle. He was happy because he knew and had paid the price of his happiness. He knew how to listen, to love, and to speak Indulgent to noisy activity, he kept himself in repose. Bis repose was the easel, the album, and the loose sheet of drawing paper. In repose he sat down in Madrid, and with a memory filled with souvenirs of Goya-fully as great as himself, more passionate but less active and elegant-finished the exquisite water color, Une Aventure de Carnaval. His only real repose was death. Perpetual idieness is a terrible chastisement. On the day before his death. Fortuny was still excitching with a steady hand the mask of the dead Beethoven for his wife's aibum. His fecundity came from his feverish activity.

Barcelona is an agotistical city. The spirit of the middle ages is imbedded in the hearts of its people, despite the ardor with which they em-brace modern ideas. Here, when still a boy, Fortung worked most industriously. At the Academy he studied historic art under Mila and Gothic art under Lorenzalez, a pupil of Overbeck. At home he fervently copied Gavarni. He saw the man where they wished him to look at the saint. And he did well, for saints have passed away, and men remain. He was then extremely poor. Without a monthly pittance of six crowns, given him by a good priest, he could not have studied at the Academy. For the sake of his art he cared not for the deliberare excesses of Gavarni, if the expression was there. To him the severity of Overbeck was nothing, so long as it was death. Unlike his colleagues. Mila preferred to encourage rather than to kill the individuality of his pupils. His great alm was to guide and not to check talent; to allow it to take flight and measure the strength of its wings without trying to turn an eagle into a dove or a dove into an eagle. gave rules for composition, but he wished his pupils to conceive. One day a heap of cartoons was left upon Prof. Mila's table. He examined one of them and was astonished. "Of him who has made this cartoon," he cried, "I say as Haydn said of Mozart: He will lead all the others." This public proclamation of talent was so badly received by the directors of the Academy that the Professor was forced to resign.

But Fortuny did lead all the others. He was already the leader, both because he deserved to be and because he did not seek it. Not to try to get a thing is frequently the sure way to get it. His comrades applauded, defended, and obeyed him. They selected him for the prize of Rome. Caricature and sculpture were then dividing and misleading his powers. He did not then posseas the knowledge of light and of warm undulating air, nor the method of divesting bright colors of their loud qualities without robbing them of their luminousness. It was after this that he made these wonderful discoveries. But he already had a marvellous perception of lines. Elegance, flexibility, and an extreme variety marked his figures. As Sir Joshua Reynolds said of Raphael, "He had the poetry of design," His gracefulness was correct. With surprising dexterity be throw off the most unpromising subjects. If the subjects were worn out, his methods were new. He owed his final triumph in supreme art to his ceaseless observation, his untiring conving, and to his absolute mastery of the preparatory arts. His force he owed to study, and his dexterity to exercise. Like a good soldier, he never allowed his arms to rust. His brushes were never dry.

While packing his trunks to go to Rome, he was conscripted. He was in agony. In his eyes the sky was no longer the plaything whose marvels he could bring down to his feet. A his bright dreams were about to be turned into miseries so real that traces of grief were ever afterward limited in his sad smile. In all his pleasures, including even the prattle of his children, this smile softened his face. The good Bofarull family paid his ransom. His trunks were packed, and he went to see what nobody should dis without seeing-Raphaer's Transfiguration and Michael Angelo's East Judgment. He took with him his friend Almet. We may see the young Spanish painter at this time, with his leonine head, his luxuriant curling hair, his bold and defiant nose, his thick line, his quick, uneasy, and devouring eyes, his ligh, square forehead, and round, bare neck, encircled with a very low collar and a full crava-He took to Rome a letter addressed to Overbeck, which he never presented. His was the impatient arder of a young man who, jest in the ruins left by those who had preceded him, angric hides himself because he cannot quickly find his way out. He was hardly in Rome before the most antagonistic inspirations annoyed his His brush, nowever, was free. He painted St. George Killing the Drogon, St. aul Preaching to the Athenians, poor devout St. Mariano in a wine-colored coat praying in the desert, a sacrifice to Bacchus, and nymphs dancing around a statue in a mossy grotte, Everywhere, in public and private galleries, he studied the most noble lines of human art. He copied the fine and hanging heads of the women of the poor quarters of the Eternal City. Sleep took the brush from his hands; the sun returned it to them. He saw a woman washing.

rolled past him; he sketched it. He did something for every visitor-for one a sketch of a countryman, for another a noble Roman, and for a third a ruined wall. Once he dined with Agrassot, Valles, and Cucianello, and the macaroni was late. His brush preserved the dinner. He saw-two decrepit old women quarrelling. Go to his album and you will find that these angry beldames were the inspiration of his marvellous etcling. The Witches.

A decaying monarchy needed regilding with the tinsel of war. Spain waged war on Africa. She fancied that Morocco had insulted her flag. Catalonians, who die like heroes, rushed to the field of battle to renew their ancient glories. A Catalonian alone ought to paint dying Catalonians. Fortuny bade adieu to pines and willows, to the Porta del Popolo, to the rare suppers of Cuciancilo, and embarked for Morocco, He saw a new land. The Roman sky now seemed sickly, and the day of the north of Spain was colorless. He was in a land deluged by a sea of sunlight. Mounted on an Arab steed) he rode about unconquerable joyous, full of life, sketching with a bold hand the shot that fell at his feet. He belonged to the staff of the famous Gen, Prim. He dined and slept in Prim's tent. Prim honored himself in honoring this young man. Wandering beyond the encampment, Fortuny and a companion were surprised by the children of the desert, who breatened them with death. "Ah, but we are Englishmen," shouted the painter's comrade. The ruse saved their lives. When Morocco was subdued and the war was over, a fine horse, richly enparisoned, took the road to Rome. He shook his rosy nostrils in the sunlight. An impatient Arab gave him the spur. and, bending his proud head over the foaming neck of the animal, disappeared in a cloud of dust. It was the genius of Fortuny consecrated to light in the burning land of Africa,

Again in Spain, Barcelona engaged Fortuny o paint a great war picture. The city pensioned him. Like all who wish to produce a lasting work, he made it a work of devotion. Abstraction is the parent of production. An idea in the brain should be cherished as a woman cherishes her unborn child. It must be allowed o develop, to flower, and to bear fruit. What did For uny care for all that he saw in Rome? He was painting his dear Arabs. He had forgotten the artistic Tivoli, the beautiful trees of the Albano, and the coquettish gardens of the rich villa Borghese. Raphael's Miracle of Bolsena, illustrating the conversion of a sinner at the sight of the Host, which like a barometrical flower exposed to the heat becomes red in the eyes of the unbeliever, had faded from his memory. Domenichino's St. Jerome, finer than that of Correggio, and Guercino's St. Patronile had lost their charm. He was no onger entranced by Fra Angelico's Legend of Nicholas de Varie, the work of a painter so devout that his colors seemed to come from heaven. Fortuny undoubtedly preferred the vapory colors of the passionate Raphael to the knotty contours of the sombre Buonarotti; but, blinded with African light, and as independent as his beloved Arabs, in the presence of a brilliant reality he despised the pale ideal of those

pagan gods. On his return from Morocco, Fortuny transferred his African impressions to canvas. The Arabs, whom the Catalonians had subdued, and who wanted to kill him, now posed for him. The horses which had flown from him like dreams, like desires, and like flashes of lightning, now proud and dooile, obeyed him. He had caught the idea of his best etchings. The Dead Kabyle and The Arab Watching the beautiful was satisfied in those flexible and charming creatures, the most noble and most elegant that people the earth. The desert is the only country in the world where the men are more interesting than the women. Fortuny discovered their majestic contempt for the world and their sacred love for the plain and the desert. There they were free. The desert, vast and solitary, resembled the beautiful sky, and the tribes roamed its sandy wastes as freely as clouds drift over the heavens. It was at this time that he painted the Persian Carpet Merchant and sketched the Fantasy of Morocco. The exuberance of color and intensity of light he drew from the skies of Africa. With piercing eyes he discovered both the physical and the moral beauties of nature. In the man that is he found the man that was. A suit of armor revealed the time in which it was worn. A glance, a movement, brought out for him au

entire character.

painting was never finished. A sketch of it was saved, however, and is preserved in the museum at Madrid. The picture has all the vigor, all the muscular elasticity and all the grace of an Arab steed. The battle is there efore our eyes. The repulsed African cavalry tie a noble death. Their white cloaks float in the air. A stroke of the pencil has formed a head-manly, expressive, correct. A touch of the brush has made a magnificent fold. It is a symphony of movement, revealing the grace of strength, the elegance of horror, and the beauty of death. To see is to believe. A mounted sheik falls like a cans broken by the wind. Prone on the back of his charger, he covers with his bronzed hand the breast from which his proud life is oozing. Everything either comes, goes, runs, falls, rises, or shouts, and all in an atmosphere made beavy and dull by the vapors of the battle. In this canvas everything-even the day-dies. And justly so. Arabs die when the sun goes down. In the distance the plain is seen. The great red spots are blood. This broad yellow line is the setting sun. Night is rushing from the lofty blue mountain. The dying sunlight falls on the dying Arabs, honoring their death and bringing their figures into bold relief. This glorious picture shows ne improper movement, no hurtful color, no faise beauty, no repugnant dead body, and no living man who is not full of life. Surrounding nature is involved in the bitter and ferocious spirit of the fight. Beneath the brush of the painter it becomes an element of the battle. the picture is good to see. Although sad, it shothes while it elevates. It is good to find in these old worn-out countries, where everything seems to die and to rot, a work so noble and one that reveals so much power and so much strength in human nature.

After this work Fortuny sold his sketch, An Odnisque Listening to a Guitar, to a Russian for thirty crowns, and was satisfied that he had received a good price. Fortune, flying from those who sees her, finally knocks at the doors of those who wait until they merit her. She nailed her wheel at Fortuny's door, His etchings fetched high prices. Like Rembrandt, Vandyke, and troya, he was an excellent aquafornist. His etched work Vigorous as gracious, as funtastic as correct, In water colors he had no rival. noisseurs asked with surprise how the Spanand she became a picture. A heavy carriage | lard could give such relief and such power

to the pale and sickly shades of these colors. His art was a brilliant truth. He dared to place red and yellow side by side, and they remained good friends. His green was bright and soothing. He did not seek to paint those blind hours when nature, apparently in a moment of sickly passion, embellishes foaming cascades, silvery rivers, and thick woods with the strongest shades. He depicted the tranquil and constant splendor of nature, more difficult to render ecause it does not put forth special efforts which might by their rarity excuse the extravagance and excesses of the painter. In painting, as in love, the greatest and rarest merit is to be faithful.

Poussin, Claude Lorraine, Corot, and other great landscape painters were too poetic. They blended the images of nature with the images of their souls. Nature beautifully deformed is too personal to be true. Right here was the strength of Fortuny. He knew how to silence and to efface his own personality. He never allowed his reveries to fall on his canvas; he used his personality in delineating the real colors and proportions of nature. Even the air, the first element of nature, almost always forgotten by painters, has its proportions. It is the air which creates distance and softens the hard brilliancy of light. It rounds and finishes figures and gives to the canvas the flexibility of life. This thing unseizable Fortuny seized. You can breathe the pure, luminous, and bumid air of his pictures. Its perfection is shown in his Serpent Charmer and his Piage de Portici. He had a method of his own for indicating perspective. Painters express distances by great spaces, but he confined them in narrow limits. Others created the perspective for edifices; he applied it to the human body.

Fortuny's fame sprang from the concealment of his impatience to become famous. His friends called him to Paris. There he saw the steel-like finish of Meissonier, the massive woods of Diaz, and the chivalrous Arabs of Fromentin. He had all of the exquisite and none of the harsh qualities of Melssonier; he knew how to paint the blue skies of Diaz without dragging in the shadows of his caks; and he could make Fromentin's Arabs still more slight withoutsoftening their striking nobility. His dreams of high art were still hidden in the recesses of his heart. He had learned that to become the master of others you must begin by becoming their servant. He had to ask pardon for his excess of genius. No man can possess genius with impunity. He knew that independence must be earned, and that no man should show his strength he has acquired independence. This is why he died without peopling his wondrous air with more durable beings. But his capvas was gladdened with all the colors, sonorous with all the noise, and animated with life. In his contempt for the conventional and his happy use of gay colors, he was already as great as Goya. In the melancholy streets of Morocco he found the wrinkled old men whose dry and dark skins immortalized Ribera. Like Velasquez, he desired to win fame in the frank and serene representation of nature, but he had no wish to idealize it as was done in The Drunkards. Nor did he seek the grotesque as in The Maids of Honor, nor stoop to flattery, as Velasquez did in the portraits of the royal family. Fortuny wished to paint na-

ture as it was. His favorite masters were Velasquez, a painter of men, who lived at a time when other artists could paint saints alone; Ribera, a rancorous artist, who turned Naples into an encampment, Body of his Dead Friend. His greed for the and made his pupils into soldiers to defend his school, and who effaced the picture of a rival with corresive oxides, and was accused of having murdered another, but who knew how to delineate his martyrs and monks with ferocious vigor drawn from nature; and Goya, the Martial of etching, who tried to kill war by making it horrible, and who killed the faded art existing in Spain at the beginning of this century. While in Madrid studying the masters, For-

tuny became a slave to the slavery that honors and makes happy. He was enslaved by a loving and honest woman. He loved the woman that he ought to have loved, a daughter, niece, and sister of painters. It was a love that gave him immense strength. He again visited Rome, and worked with unquenchable ardor. Hard work gave him a title to happiness. On his return to Spain he married his chosen bride. One of her brothers is the director of the Academy of San Fernando, where the great pictures of Goya are Her uncle was a director of the Museum

A clames a movement of the man entire character and the mount part of the state of Gisbert, who painted the Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers; Diescoro Puebla, author of the Filles du Cid; Valles, who painted Queen Jeanne, who went mad with love; Casado, now at work at a great picture; and Rosaics the famous painter of the dving Queen Isabella the Catholic. All were there. The master was good and always smiling. The treasures of the studio were studied. All questions of art were discussed. They spoke beautifully of everything that was beautiful. The master did not follow the example of Michael Angelo, and pocket the keys of the studio. He worked in the presence of his friends, like Raphael, It was an assembly of worthy people. An egotist would have been unwelcome. Those who entered sad went out happy.

All Paris went to see Fortuny's Spanish Wedding. The master was ever a student. He painted everything that attracted his attention. He retained the impression of everything that he observed. Mme. Cassin has the picture of the Spanish Wedding and the Salome of Regnault in Paris. The Spanish Wedding is a romance, luxurious in color, and of exquisite finish. You can almost feel the soft air charged with incense floating over its shadows. The space is admirably filled. Apparently you can weigh the shade. The picture caused a sensation in the artistic world. It possesses all the qualities of Meissonier and Gerome without any of their faults. They recognized the genius of the painter and became his friends. He remained in Paris, active, tranquil, loved, loving, and happy. He lived in his studio, repelling frivolity and accepting sincers soci-Above all things, he himself was sincere. He detested those who wounded the modesty of talent. He refused to visit the Princess

painted the Tribunal of the Cady, a picture so luminous as to be marvellous. He worked in the open air under a tent pitched in a corner of the courtyard of the old Moorish pulace in which he lived. It was in such a yard that he placed his Fencing Lesson. In this painting a fencing master awaits the attack of his pupil, who in the lunge loses his balance. Other pupils await their turns, An old man is reading beyond the basin which separates him from the students. He has the face of a man of the nineteenth century. Two dogs, accustomed to the noise of the foils, lie at his feet. In the corridor, as in the corridor of the Moorish palace, paintings are suspended from the walls. A caged monkey is chattering near by. There is no elaboration of the strange light of gloomy edifices so perceptible in the Tribunal of the Cady. It is the placid work of a happy man.

In Granada, Portuny gave himself up to the

pleasures of study, of friendship, and of his

family. He revelled in the antiquities of the Moors, whose buildings are so graceful that even in their ruins they seem new. He studied the flowers of stone, the laces of marble, and the delicate turrets piercing the blue sky. The most scrutinizing eye cannot detect a corner on the walls, pavements, or roofs of these fairy palaces without an ornament, nor can the hand be placed upon a point not carved or beautified. All the colors of the rainbow appear under the white marble, like the undulations of serpents. Here, in the presence of this coquettish ornamentation, the painter strengthened his detestation of the monotonous and his love of the accidents which enliven masses of color. He was perforce extremely elegant. He has shown elegance in the horrible in his sketch of the battle of Vad-Ras, and he has also shown the elegance of wretenedness in the Serpent Charmer. He painted a pig rooting in the mud, but the pig was root ing beneath a blossoming chestnut tree. He painted rags, but he threw them over the body of a child. His creations are peculiarly charming. You cannot see the ruins of the old schools in them. The slow labor of elaboration and the forced originality which are seen in so many modern paintings are lacking here. He sought the besutiful because he could not produce the ugly. He had a grand simplicity and a sumptuous flexibility. When a duil tone threatened to prolong itself on his canvas, he banished it, for he could not suffer obscurity. He siways enlivened the tone of a picture with an admirable touch—with a red fan or a green bonnet. If he broke the clear blue sky with the ruins of a falling castle, he chastened the stain of shade by raising upon the broken stones in creeping ivy the colors and forces of life. In Granada he finished L'Osteria, a painting representing gay guests around a table, soldiers coming out of a grove, and dogs fighting for a bons. There he created the Mousquetairs on the march, fork and hat in hand, and musket the beautiful because he could not produce

to the richest parce that the genical Teachers is of the richest parce that the genical Teachers. It is placed at the side of the richest parce that the genical Teachers. This unfinished painting, the Beach at Forci, in the simple painting. This unfinished painting, the Beach at Forci, in the simple painting is decreases. It shows a minerior meaning lecking in a done all of Fortuny's pictures. It represents his quite home, among the flowers of sunfit nature. His wife is seeding. Another lady has thrown nor at the sun, shading her eyes with her hand. It is both a natural movement and a harpy method of breaking the prolonged lines of the fluore. Colliders are gathering flowers in a corner. With the flowers in a corner. With the flowers in a corner. With the shades the same that of color he brings out a child, a woman, a rose, For living things the head of the same that of color he brings out as the same tint of colors, and for the inanimation of the colors and the monotod intended the colors of the same that of the colors and the monotod intended the colors and the monotod intended the colors and the colors

THE ELECTRICIANS OF NATURE. The Powers of the Electric Fel and the Top, prdo-Men Knocked Down. In a recent stress of weather a trading schooner halling from the upper Amazon, and ound to New York, put in at Hilton Head for water, and the curiosity of a throng of darkies was aroused by a monkey and several parrots and they fairly overran the vessel until the skipper's patience was on the ebb. At length one fellow litted the cover of a five-gallon tin can full of water that was lashed to the foreside of the gailey and asked, "What you got

yere, boss?" They're a couple of Chinese cels," said the cook, looking out of his house and tippings wink to the skipper, who was sitting on the rail "Dat's jest my business, boss," said the darky, while the others gathered around, I'm de boss tredder for shedders an' eels dis side of Newbern,"

"These ain't scrubs like you find around here," said the cook.

Look ere, boss; dis place beats de world for eels," the darky retorted. "I tred one de oder day over three feet long." "Oh, you're talking about minnies. They wouldn't count them as eels in China. It takes a man to handle a China cel. I don't believe rou could lift one from the can."

'Spose you don't want to bet on dat?" the boss onler asked.

'Wal, I don't mind," the cook replied, reaching under his apron and bringing out a dollar. The darkies held a consultation, and scraped ogether a dollar, which was placed in the skipper's hands. Rolling up what sleeves he had, the champion bent over the big can and commenced to feel around, as the water was rather oo muddy to see anything.

' Dey ain't nothin' to be so brash about," he said, as he came across something at the botom, "Stan' back dere,"

Keeping one hand on his find, he put in the ther hand and took hold. There was a splash in the can, and with a vell that could be heard half a mile away, the darky jumped in the air with his eyes sticking out of his head, and his arms rigid and fastened like rods to an sel that was more than five feet in length. He roared

representing gay guests around atable, soldiers coming out of a grove, and doze fishing for a bone. There he created the Mousquetaire on the march, fork and hat in hand, and musket on his back.

Fortuny began to tire of his isolation. His friends came to see him, one by one. One day it was Clairin, and the next day Simonetti or Tapiro. The guardian of his house in Rome died. He went there with Tapiro. He afterward returned for his wife and paintings. He saw the sunshine upon the rose-colored mount tains of the Sierra Nevada for the last time. He want to Rome to die. He lived at the Vis Flaminia. His house was a studio, and his studio a museum. He was a little sad, like all who from the earth begin to see heaven. He rearry ly entered into conversation. He painted the Academicians and the Model, a picture which created a school. Then he finished his last picture, the Academy of the Arcadians Listening to a New Tragedr. The sea is in the distance. The tragedy is presented in the open air and upon a carpet. At the right and left are little groves surinkled with flowers. Grass covers the earth. In picturesque vestments and buckled she had the colors with which they are expressed is admirable. In its the painting of a tranquil light, a life without thorns, a garden filled with roses.

Summer came. It was a summer of laurel bushes, orange groves, and fragrant lemon trees. Fortuny settled at the Villa Arata, near Naples. In profound reflection he listender the music of the resplendent sea as it threw the first thought of the resplendent sea as it threw the first was the bold use of all colors. His space was filled with densifying air which hold the selection of the selectic surper and with the music of the resplendent sea as it threw the first was the whole use of all colors. His space was filled with densifying air which hold the surperse of a carrious collection of membranes horizontal plates to whole part the first hold the grass of variety, the richness of ornamentation, and the scleace of movement of the surperse

Mathilde, despite the earnest protestations of Alexander Dumas, but he was sometimes seen at the receptions of Walter Fol, who loved him and who always spoke feelingly of him.

War came—war that makes birds fly awar. Everybody loves France, even to those who hate her. Grieving over her fats, Fortuny went to Granada. There he worked unceasingly, but without haste and without fatigue, for renown had brought him luxury and comfort. He chose in subjects. He locked deeper into the bosom of nature. He grouped upon his paicting the colors of the Alhambra, where light shines the colors of the Alhambra, where light shines upon white walls and polished pavement like a phosphorescent see in the tropics. There he completed work, the Beach at Portici.

June 1 the negations overlos in manual and immanulate, screene, and sovereign cart in manulate, servene, and sovereign on high manulate, servene, and immanulate, servene, and sovereign on high manulate, servene, and immanulate, sevene, and sovereign on high.

Fortuny died in a tracherous sutumn at home and the lived in a prich the sutumn rains. He lived in a pick in the open are all the lived in a prich but without fails to war the summanulate, sevene, and immanulate, sev